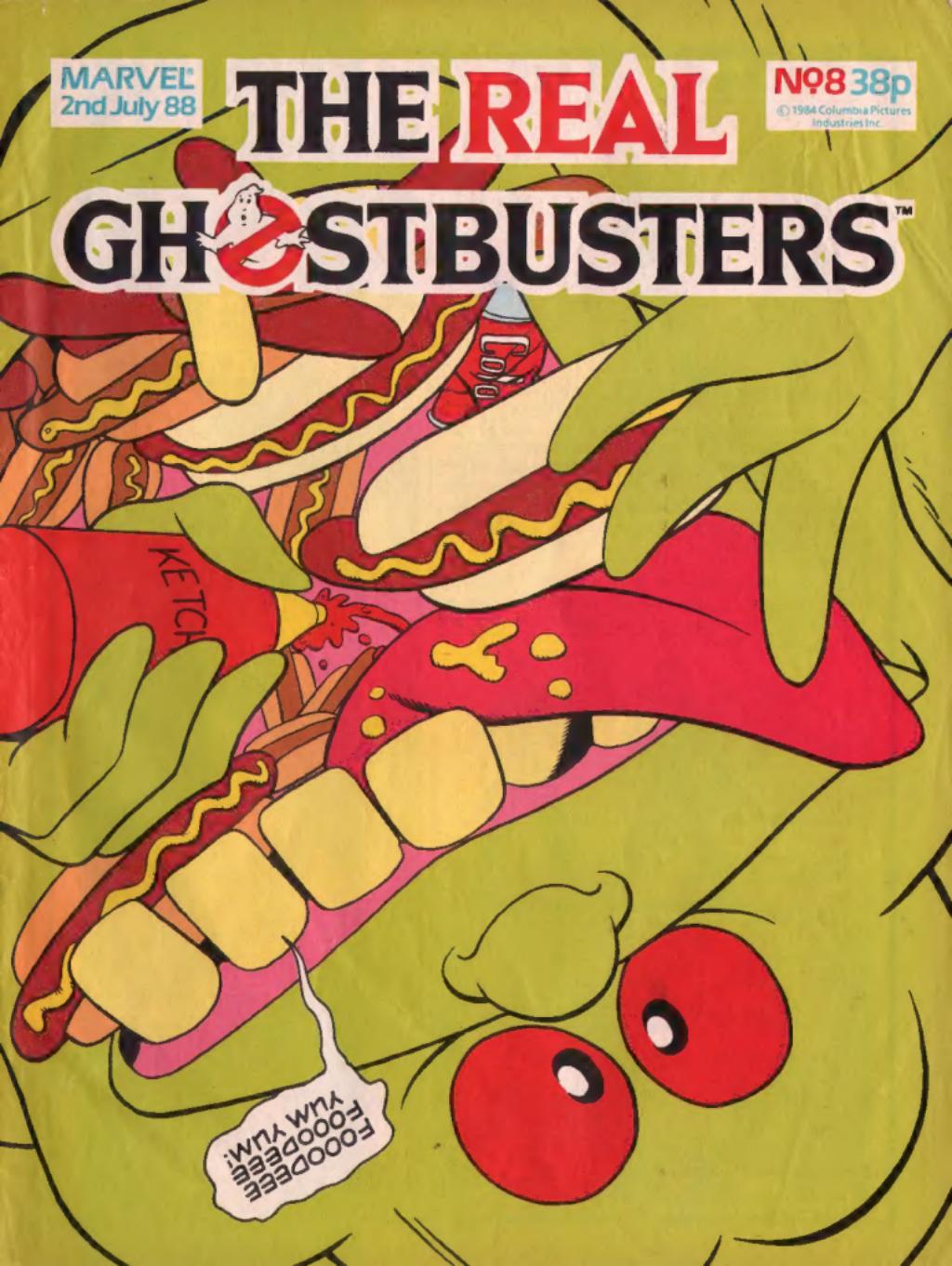


MARVEL
2nd July 88

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

N08 38p
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Is it a dream? Is it reality? Or could it be issue eight of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**? This latest action-packed issue delves deep into human nature... and ectoplasmic nature of course. From artistic temperament in **Stage Fright**, to a hypnotic discovery of what makes Slimer tick, **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** has the lot! So just relax, you are falling into a deep trance... deeper and deeper. You are falling into a world where anything can happen... and probably will!

The Real Ghostbusters: A quartet of ecto-analytical, spectre-rejecting super heroes, here to save the world – and discover which detergent gets slime-stained clothing whiter than white!

CONTENTS

High Spirits!	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide	8
Headless Horseman!	9
Slime Time!	12
Ghostbusters Fact File: Busting Equipment.	13
Hypnotic Hunger!	14
Ghost Writing	17
Stage Fright.	18
Next Issue/ Blimey! It's Slimer!	23

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Editor RICHARD STARKINGS Assistant Editor HELEN STONE
Assistant Editor Who We'd Miss If He Ever Really Went DAN ABNETT

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDEMORE



JANINE MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

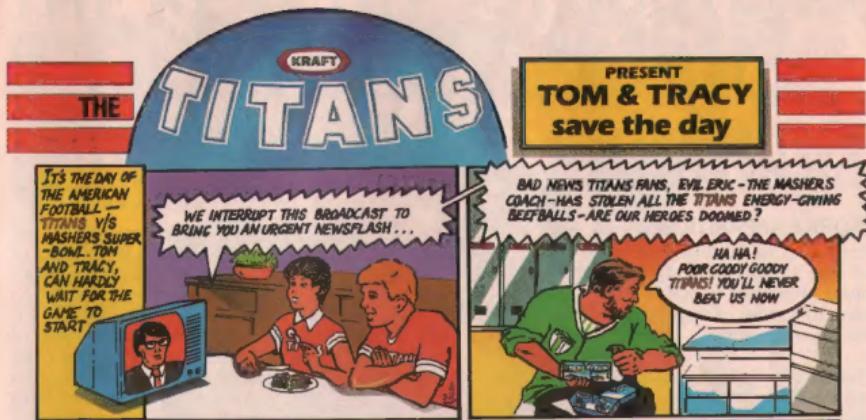
NEW YORK, IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE WORST STORM IN YEARS...











Tom and Tracy say:

TITANS BEEFBALLS ARE REALLY DELICIOUS AND COVERED IN TOMATO SAUCE - GREAT FOR THE WINNING TEAM! IF YOU'D LIKE TO PLAY YOUR VERY OWN TITANS AMERICAN FOOTBALL BOARD GAME, THEN SIMPLY SEND ONE PACKET TOP TO: HCPR, 156, GREAT CHARLES ST. BIRMINGHAM, B3 3HU.

SPENGLER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

MOBILE APPARITIONS

According to the fifth volume of *Von Icenberger's Compendium*, phantoms often take the form of modes of transport or travelling persons.

This sort of thing is obviously more difficult to catch. Try hunting down a ghost taxi or stage coach. They move pretty fast, due to the lack of any friction or wind resistance, and they have no road-holding problems, unlike ECTO-1 apparently, or so Peter tells me after a high-speed chase he and Winston had with a headless horseman recently. Horsemen are probably the commonest of all mobile apparitions, or Advanced Itinerant Variable Trajectory Spectres as they are more properly known. Why this is not certain. Perhaps the lone horseman was the real roadhog of his day, the one who liked burning stagecoaches off at traffic lights and overtaking on blind corners. I guess that would cause more accidents than an ox-cart, and therefore there are more ghosts of wide boy horsemen around.

I suppose their headless state could also be a symbolic token of the blind and thoughtless way they careered about the countryside having road races with anything under fifteen hands and cursing everytime they came up behind a slow-moving pony trap with a little axle sticker saying *My other wagon is a chariot*. I guess it will only be a few years before



PART 8

we start seeing the ghosts of headless Porsche drivers on every turnpike and freeway from LA to Quebec.

If Von Icenberger was alive today, he'd probably be rather surprised at the forms ghost transport assume. The ghosts of ships haunt the oceans of the world, the upper reaches of the sky are chilled by the passage of spectral aircraft, lonely stations are shaken in the night by the passage of trains along branch lines that have been closed for years, and apparently there is the ghost of a headless moped rider in Brooklyn.

This last apparition is reported to be the ghost of a pizza delivery boy who lost control of his moped one stormy night due to the excess weight of seventeen anchovy, mushroom and pepperoni deep pans that he was trying to deliver to the

Friends of the Highway's annual meeting. In honour of the sad loss, the society donated a large sum of money to the pizza joint he worked for, which financed a special memorial pizza called *The West Pier* after the place he skidded off, and which is basically a deep pan pizza with sardines, crabs and seaweed. Hang on. Right. Peter says *The West Pier* is improved if you ask for extra chilli peppers and chopped apple. Thanks, Peter, that's most useful to know.

In North Kensington, London, there was a famous ghostly double-decker bus sighted in the 1930's, which regularly screeched round the junction of St Mark's Road and Cambridge Gardens. Wilbur Macavity, the famous Scottish psychic, camped out on the junction to observe the bus. He waited for just over six weeks in the middle of winter. Then three came at once.

Scotty Airfield in Nebraska is haunted by the ghost of the stunt pilot Larry *What the heck* Schnieder and his plane. In 1936, Schnieder climbed aboard his Sopwith biplane and announced to his manager that he was going to practice the inverted loop-the-loop. "That's impossible, Larry!" cried the manager. "What the heck!" replied the daredevil. To this day, his plane can be seen re-turning a nearly perfect inverted loop-the-loop. But only nearly perfect.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN!







SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your
jokes! Send 'em
to: SLIME TIME
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



Why did Peter cross the road?
To get away from Slimer!

—Anthony Obi, Tottenham

What happened when Ray
jumped off the Empire State
Building?

He became an X-Ray!
—Michael Howe, Norfolk

What did the mummy ghost
say to the baby ghost when he
got in the car?

Put your sheet belt on!
—Douglas and Andrew
Graham, Clydebank

What kind of music do ghosts
like?

*Something with a haunting
melody!*

—Darren Schofield, Leeds

Why are Martians green?
*Because they forgot to take
their travel sickness tablets!*

—Kevin James, Darlington

What do you call Slimer when
he goes on a diet?

Slimmer!
—Thomas Read, Norwich.

TITANS!

Kraft Frozen Foods, who produce *Titans Beefballs*, have come up with a fabulous offer: an amazing board game based on American football. The game features the fearless Titans, a team who eat *Titans Beefballs* regularly to give them the strength and energy they need. Kraft are giving away this great new game **FREE** to the first 100 readers who send in their names and addresses, plus the top of a *Titans Beefballs* packet to:

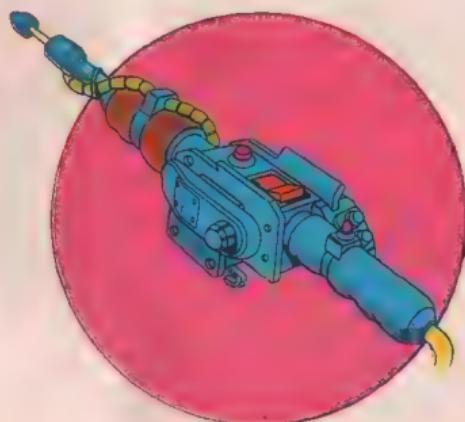
Titans Beefball Special Offer,
154 Great Charles Street,
Birmingham B3 3HU

Don't forget, when you send in your name, you should write: **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** on the left hand side of your envelope. If you hurry along to your local supermarket now, there is a special offer of a free pack when you buy two single packs of *Titan Beefballs*.



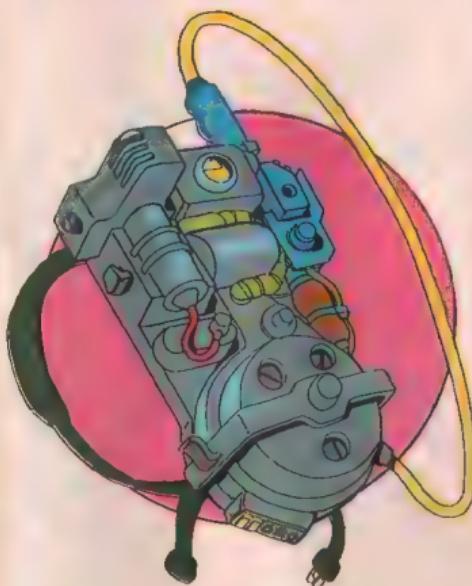
PROTON GUN

The Proton Gun is attached to the Proton Pack and is the actual shooting part of the weapon. It fires a stream of high-energy ions that can be used to manoeuvre ghosts into the area above the ghost trap. The laser streams of two or more Proton Guns should never, ever, be crossed, or as Egon warns, the result could be "Very bad indeed."



PROTON PACK

The Proton Pack is the basic Ghostbusters weapon. Invented by Egon and built by Ray, it is an indispensable piece of equipment without which busting ghosts would be impossible. The Pack consists of a portable nuclear accelerator and a particle thrower, and it is the source of energy used to power the Proton Gun.





Story JOHN CARNELL Art DAVE ELLIOTT Colouring HEL

It was early one Tuesday morning and Egon's lab was buzzing with the sounds of strange equipment. Peter stood opposite Egon, amongst the flashing lights and whirring instruments.

"Do you think this will work?" asked Peter.

"There's a good chance, as long as Slimer stays still long enough," answered Egon.

Slimer was floating above a leather couch, slobbering happily to himself. Two wire probes were attached to his green, glowing head, and on a tray next to him sat a pile of fat, cream-filled cakes.

"What are you all dressed up for?" Egon asked Peter.

"I'm going to the movies with Dana," he answered, reaching out and grabbing a cake for himself.

"Hey, Peter, those cakes are for the experiment that you were *meant* to be helping me with," said Egon angrily.

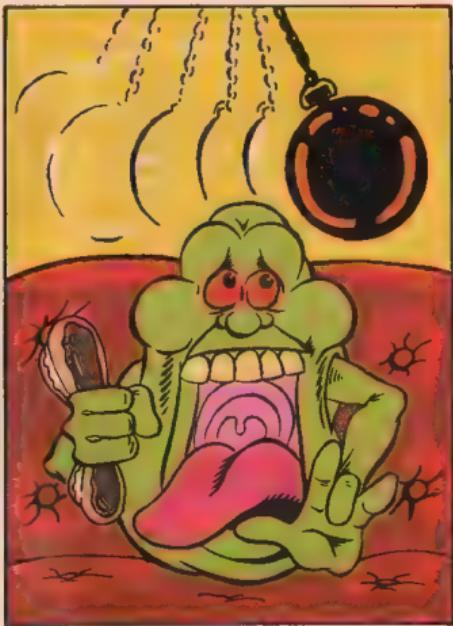
Peter quickly tossed the cake into Slimer's ever-open mouth. "Yummy yummy scrummy," slobbered Slimer.

"Yeah, I'm sorry, Egon, perhaps another time," said Venkman, walking towards the door holding a bunch of flowers. "Good luck with the experiment... I hope Slimer doesn't turn into anything more horrible than he already is."

Then he was gone. Egon shrugged his shoulders, and decided to carry on by himself. He checked his monitoring equipment to make sure it was all functioning properly, then started the experiment.

Egon produced a small gold watch from his top pocket, and dangled it in front of Slimer's eyes. Slimer stared at it, as it swung slowly from side-to-side on its long gold chain.

"You are getting sleepy... watch the pendulum swing... soon you will fall into a deep deep sleep," whispered Egon, as he hypnotised Slimer. Soon, the little green menace fell into a deep trance. Egon's plan was to take Slimer back to his childhood, to delve into his subconscious mind, and then on further still, back into one of his previous lives. Egon wanted to find out what had turned Slimer into what he was. Was he a man or was he a monster? Soon this process, called regression, was working and Slimer was talking, as best he could, about his childhood.



"Can you remember your mother...?" asked Egon kindly.

"Slobbersslobberfoodyfoodyumyummumummy," replied Slimer in a squeaky childlike voice.

"I thought as much," muttered Egon. "All he seems to remember is food. Perhaps it's time to try and regress him further... back into his last life."

Egon checked his equipment again, and turned on his tape recorder just in case.

"Okay. Now, Slimer, try to remember back, way, way back... You are so, so small... you're flying through space... you're entering the body of your previous self."

As Egon said this, the lab equipment went crazy, and Slimer started to fade and disappear.

"Oh no, I was afraid this might happen... Slimer is trying to bring back his old self into this dimension... I hope I haven't gone too far this time! Peter – where are you when I need you most?"

Suddenly there was a bright flash and, sitting on the couch, crushing it, was Slimer, not the Slimer that we know - this Slimer was a big, fat, ugly, greedy, wart-covered, *Hunger Demon!* Egon had seen pictures of them in his ancient books. They were said to have caused famines in days of old, by eating all the crops. They even ate villagers when nothing else was left! Its body was a slimy green, fat and round, and its eyes were pink and glowing as it looked around the lab for food. "Now stay calm, Slimer - it's me, your friend Egon."

The demon opened its huge mouth, and grinned, showing its massive razor-sharp teeth.

"FOODYFOODYDINDINS," It screamed.

Nervously, Egon handed it the plate of cream cakes

The demon threw the cakes, plate and all, into its mouth. It chewed them slowly over and then spat them out all over Egon.

"YUKKY." It said, disgusted. "FLESHY-FLESHYFLESH," it then grinned and pointed to Egon's shaking body.

"No... Slimer, you wouldn't like me... I don't taste that good!" The demon wasn't convinced - he roared and started to chase Egon around the lab. "WOOEEE..." shouted Egon. "SLIMER! IT'S TIME TO WAKE UP NOW!" It was no good, the demon didn't listen.

"Come back, Peter... all is forgiven."

The demon had cornered Egon and was just about to make a meal of him, when the door crashed open, and there stood Peter - on cannon at the ready.

"OH NO, YOU DON'T, BIG MOUTH," shouted Peter, as he let rip with his cannon. "FRYING TONIGHT!"

ZAP! Peter caught the demon in the proton ray and there was a hideous scream as it changed back into a poor confused little Slimer.

"It's a good job Dana couldn't make the date tonight, or you would have been a demon's dinner," laughed Venkman.

"Thank you, Peter, I didn't realise that Slimer would actually appear as his past incarnation... I'll have to remember that next time."

"Next time, Egon?!. . . I don't know why you bother... anyone could have told you that Slimer must have been something slimy, ugly and with a big appetite," said Peter, laughing again.

"Whatty what happen?" slobbered Slimer. "Come on, Egon, it's been a long day, lets go and eat," said Peter.

"Yummymumum," said Slimer, as he started to lick all the pieces of cream cake off Egon's face.

"Now that's what I call making a meal out of science!" chuckled Peter.



GHOST WRITING!



Phew, you've exhausted our postman, but keep those letters flooding in. Don't forget, our friends at Marvel have moved to a new address!

Dear Peter . . .

In Spengler's *Spirit Guide* in issue 3, Egon told us that ectoplasm resembles wallpaper paste. Has this ever caused any problems on a bust?

**—Mark Anvoner,
Bournemouth**

Now you come to mention it, Mark, way back in our early days we were called out to a bust in a school kitchen, but the pool of menacing ectoslime in question turned out to be two week-old semolina pudding, a substance also often confused with wallpaper paste.

Please could you ask Slimer if there is a slime insect in his slime?

—Philip Thomas, Bristol

Yeuk! What a horrible thought! Slimer is a big enough pest as it is. I'm sorry—I couldn't bring myself to investigate your query, just in case I discovered that that ball of ectoslime was actually home to some poor unfortunate creatures. I'll never sleep again!

I've got a question each for Egon and Janine. Egon, I know you like Janine, so why don't you tell her and go on a date with her? Janine, why not make Egon see that you fancy him (he might take you out) Wink! Wink!

—Marelene Ramos, Middlesex

I passed your advice on to both Janine and Egon, Marelene, (on separate occasions of course) and their reaction was the same. How does it feel to have made two grown people blush?

I have a complaint! Now why doesn't Egon pull himself together and go out with Janine? By the time he wants to go out with her, she will be gone!

—Ann-Marie Parsons, No Fixed Abode?

Are you getting the message yet, Egon?

I have some questions to ask you:

1. Why did you start up the Ghostbusters' business?
2. Why do you hate Slimer?
3. What ghost would you like to bust most?

—Paul Murphy, Ireland

Good questions, Paul. 1. Having had our funding stopped when we were research scientists, we suddenly realised that our bills needed paying, so with Egon's amazing inventions and the excess of spooks, phantoms and horrors around, it seemed the logical explanation to set up a busting outfit. 2. Because he eats all our food, he runs up the laundry bill, he slimes me . . . the list is endless. 3. The answer to this one's obvious after my reply to your second question.

Why do poltergeists behave so badly and why do they haunt?
—Richard Cynan Jones, Bangor

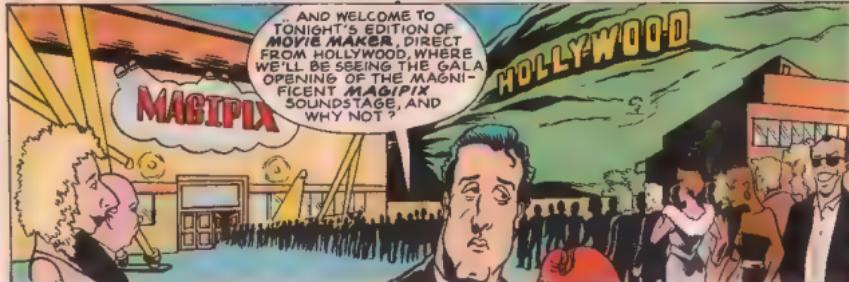
I don't know, some ghosts have got no manners! Poltergeists are invisible spirits who just enjoy a bit of chaos every now and then. Before they passed over to the other side, they were the sort of people who never did the housework and had catchphrases such as 'Where did I put my . . . Just like all other kinds of spirit, they haunt because for some reason they don't want to rest peacefully, or they just like making a nuisance of themselves!

What do you really do for a living?

—David Taylor, Stevenage

What do you mean? Ghostbusting is a full-time, twenty-four-hour-a-day job—and yes, we really do bust ghosts, it says so on my passport!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



THE 'MAGIPIX' SOUNDSTAGE WAS ONE OF THE MAIN STUDIOS OF THE SILENT DAYS UNTIL ITS CLOSURE DUE TO FIRE IN 1931. NOW IT'S BEEN REFURBISHED AS HOLLYWOOD'S PREMIERE LOT WHICH, AFTER ALL, IS WHAT IT'S THERE FOR.

IT'S JUST INCREDIBLE THAT YOU SHOULD VE WANT TICKETS FOR THIS IN A MAGAZINE COMPETITION.

IT'S THE OLD MELNITZ LUCK, WINSTON, AND I CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER PARTNER FOR THIS EVENING! I DON'T KNOW OF A BIGGER MOVIE FAN THAN YOU!

WELL, OF COURSE EGON WAS ON DUTY TONIGHT HEY! I THINK IT'S STARTING!











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HARD STARES!



DOWNSTAIRS!



NEXT ISSUE

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

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SLIMER IS IN TRAINING...



HE'S READY... HE'S MEAN...



HE'S HUNGRY!!!



HE NEEDS TO PUT ON
WEIGHT...



FOR HIS NEXT FIGHT.



TWENTY-SIX STONE! HE'S
READY FOR HIS FAVOURITE
SPORT...

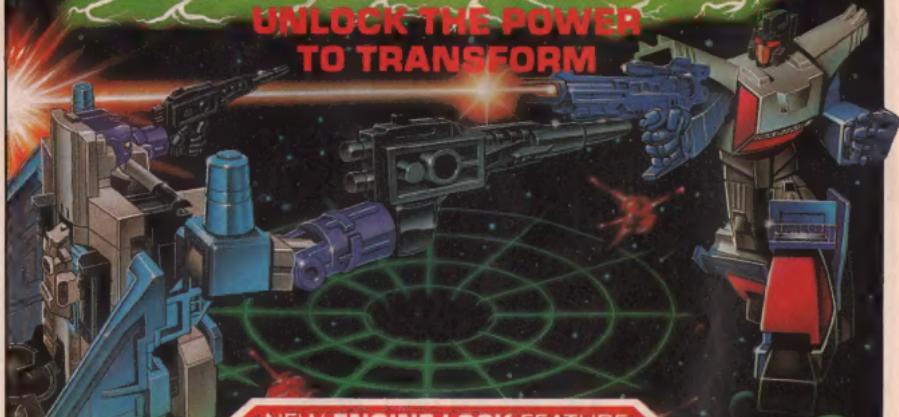


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